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From the Editor

From Aliens to Amigos

The high point of my summer was taking a group of thirty people—seventeen teenagers and thirteen adults—down to Mexico to help in a poor community near Tijuana called Maclovio Rojas. Going to this community was a disturbing reminder of the "savage inequality" that exists between rich and poor in today's world. The community that we helped consists of 1200 families—most of whom are forced to work in the local factories for $3 per day. They have no running water, no electricity, and no paved roads. Most of their homes are made of scrap, the favorite building material being used garage doors.

Even though we were less than two hours' drive from San Diego, one of our teens said that going to this community was like encountering an alien planet.

Over the week, we worked side-by-side with the people of Maclovio Rojas. We put up sheet rock in a day care center. We dug holes and mixed cement to put up playground equipment. We purchased books and helped to set up their library. We painted murals. As we worked and sweated alongside our Mexican brothers and sisters, they came to seem less than aliens, and more like *amigos*.

At the end of the week, our *amigos* wanted to throw a party for us. We told them that it wasn't necessary, that we had brought our own food, but they insisted, so we had a potluck, Mexican-style, with music and dancing that went on from three in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night. I can't tell you how many times we danced the macarena!

At Maclovio Rojas, it was painfully clear that the rich and the poor are all too often separated by barriers of social class and prejudice, but it was also clear that this is not what our Creator desires. When I saw affluent U.S. Americanos and poor Mexicanos working and sharing food and dancing and having a good time together, I said to myself, "So this is what Jesus meant when he said that God's blessed community is like a party where everyone is invited—rich and poor, holy ones and outcasts. When Jesus was on earth, he partied with the poor. He shared in their joys and their sorrows. When he said that heaven is within us, and among us, he was speaking out of his actual experience. We don't have to wait until we die to see heaven. It's right here, if we open our hearts and our pocketbooks to those in need."

I am grateful to those Friends who are laboring to lower the barriers that separate us from our brothers and sisters to the South. In this issue, you can read the impressions of the Quaker youth who went on our trip to Maclovio Rojas. You can also read the report of Carin Anderson, who brought tears to our eyes when she spoke at Pacific Yearly Meeting about her work in El Salvador. An insert describes the efforts of Roberto Martinez and the AFSC Border Committee to monitor human rights abuses at the border. We are indeed blessed that so many Friends are putting their Quaker faith into practice.

Anthony Manousos

Cover photo of Carin Anderson was sent by the author

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Seeking the Light in El Salvador

By Carin Anderson
Chico Meeting

On the river that separates El Salvador from Honduras, there is a place called Sumpul. During El Salvador's twelve-year civil war, 600 Salvadoran camp-ésinos, running from the military brutality in their communities, attemp-ted at Sumpul to flee across the water. Between the Salvadoran army on one bank, and the Honduran army on the other, all 600 campesinos were massacred. Children, mothers, fathers—like the countless others in this painfully recent history—guilty of nothing.

There is a line in El Salvador's song of the revolution that says, "They would have to fill the world with mass-acres like Sumpul in order to take from the Salvadoran heart the desire to love."

Carmen Broz tells us this story at the dinner table one night, and all eyes are rimmed with tears. This is why we are here. The violence has been so brutal; the losses have been countless; everyone here is a survivor. And yet, what does it mean to truly survive, to live past the nightmares still so present here? Watching these people, listening to their words, I have to think that there must be a survival of Spirit, somehow a defiance of the teachings of war, to truly live in the wake of those times. I still do not understand this paradox—how those who have suffered injustice beyond belief can also be the most loving and welcoming people I have ever encountered. There is much to learn here, and we are learning, with every new day drenched in the contradictions of violence and compassion.

Carmen's house is small and simple, and Archbishop Oscar Rom-ero's picture hangs by the door. The air here is hot, humid and noisy; the house shakes as unmufflered trucks pass in front, and roosters, Salvadoran radio, and children's play are an ever present, chaotic song from the "marginal community" behind. Nevertheless, the house is full of peace, as Marieka, Julie, Carmen, and I share in the blessings and tragedies of this country. There is a clarity of purpose here, as if all superfluity were stripped away. We are here to be of service—to live with simplicity, consciousness, and love.

The legacy of Oscar Romero is alive in El Salvador. His courage, his convictions, and his pure Christianity are the grounding and the inspiration for the religious workers who continue, after his assassination, to struggle for justice for the poor. Never have I been so moved by a leader, and by those who work in his Spirit. "The Church," he said, "would be a traitor to its own love of God and its faithfulness to the Gospel if it were not the voice for those who have no voice."

To "speak truth to power" during the war in El Salvador was to place oneself directly in the sights of the death squads; to live and walk unguarded, hand in hand with those most oppressed, required a love and a faith that transcended the terror of the time. His integrity and simplicity of living express for me the place at which religions intersect...From this Catholic Archbishop I am learning, deeply, how to be a good Quaker.

And so, in this Spirit, we learn,

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and work. And there is much to do. Carmen, with seven projects going at once, is hard to keep up with. Traveling by pickup to rural communities, wrestling with community problems, hosting unexpected guests, driving us through the insane Salvadoran streets, traveling ten hours in one day to meet with a community on the other side of the country...her energy and willingness to do what is needed seem boundless.

Carmen works with four rural communities: Santa Anita, El Gigante, El Presidio Liberado, and El Barillo. Together with these communities, she carefully chooses where to channel financial assistance. The projects are various—ranging from educational scholarships for children, to basic health care, to teachers salaries, to water pumps, to daycare centers. In San Salvador, Carmen gives financial assistance to four needy daycare centers, helping to pay for teachers' salaries and children's scholarships. Finally, she works with a Christian Based Community in Apulo, on the outskirts of San Salvador, to provide scholarships for nine students to attend high school.

Our visit to El Presidio Liberado, a rural community in Usulutan, began at dawn. Carmen and Mario in the cab of the old pickup, Julie, Marieka and I in the back, we sped through the early morning chaos of San Salvador, then through rich green, wind, dust and mountains, finally turning off the main road for the final stretch. Dirt, rocks, and potholes—we bumped along past cows, corn, and the humblest of houses, an almost ethereal sky above. This same sky, after a few minutes, blessed us with the first downpour of the season; there is no rain like this in the United States. We were doused with buckets of water—three unprepared gringas, bouncing through the countryside, soaked.

In the height of the storm, we leapt out of the truck and ran for shelter in the hut of a generous campesino family, and there this curious collection of friends waited for the clouds to pass.

We were warmly welcomed by the community leaders of El Presidio Liberado, when we finally arrived, wet. Sitting in old schooldesks beneath the tall trees along side the schoolhouse, we listened as they spoke of their history, their struggles as a community, and their need for a working water pump and well. Carmen had originally planned to help with their daycare center's construction, but as they had already found financial assistance for that project, it was decided that the money should be used for a community water pump.

They asked when Marieka and I would be coming to stay; a date was set, and we said goodbye, warmed by hugs and "see you soon's," already welcomed into this community.

Photo by Carin Anderson

"In spite of the blows that our lives are given,
The ingenuity of hate, banishing to oblivion
Our loved ones...
Still we sing, still we ask, still we dream, still we hope"
—translated from
"Todavía Cantamos,"
a Salvadoran protest song

El Presidio is a community which has initiated quite an incredible internal transformation, a process we hope to learn from and help replicate in other struggling communities such as El Barillo. With almost nothing to live on, a painful history, interfamilial struggles and a mostly illiterate population of ex-guerrillas and ex-soldiers, this small collection of people undertook a self-reflective study of their difficulties, with impressive consciousness and wisdom. According to Carmen, the changes that have occurred in this community with the advent of this process are phenomenal. I look forward to learning more.

Our trip to El Barillo was no less of an adventure. Again we were up at dawn; again we sped through early morning dust and rich countryside. Soon we arrived at Suchitoto. There, at the "Centro de Oscar Romero," we met with Sister Caroline and four school teachers from El Barillo to discuss how we might be helpful during our three-week stay there in May. It looks as if we will be tutoring children who are having the most academic difficulty, tutoring teachers in English, teaching guitar (yikes-don't ask me how that happened), singing with the children, and of course generally gathering information about the community.

We then took the winding, dusty road past mango trees—and bombed out buildings—to El Barillo. This part of El Salvador was intensively bombed by the army because of the large number of FMLN (guerrillas) here. The devastation, material and personal, is vast.

We arrived, this time dry but dust-covered, and were again warmly welcomed. We spent most of the day at the school, a building made of brick and tin, dirt floors, dusty, noisy, and incredibly hot. Though it is clearly not conducive for learning, El Barillo has been without the resources to construct another. The community has a host of other difficulties as well—problems with teachers, inadequate water, tired community leaders.

These place was an FMLN base community, and it carries heavy memories. Riding back to Suchitoto with some community members, we again passed the war-torn buildings, and the stories began to come. "Scorched Earth" tactics, for many of us, are far from understanding until we are listening to the words of a survivor. The airplanes, the bombs dropping and exploding, the soldiers then surrounding and killing everything in sight. Families would hide their children and grandparents in holes in the ground; others would flee, and if they were lucky, they would live to return to the sight of the massacre. Maria, the

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woman with whom we will be living during our stay in El Barillo, hid her mother in one such hole. When Maria, and her young daughter, returned, her mother had been doused with acid by the soldiers. They say the stench of burning flesh was so strong that they had to cover their faces, and yet María's mother lived for another fifteen minutes. What does it take to go on with this memory?

I am sickened by the realities of my country's collusion in this barbarity, and my government's denial of it. Our guns armed the killers of those like María's mother. Our tax dollars fed this war, and we have not had to know its human consequences. El Salvador, approximately the size of Maryland, is still suffering the effects of, among other things, our disgraceful, fearful foreign policy. Violence continues to run deep here. What, now, is our responsibility to these people?

This and many other questions permeate the days here. Marieka and I ask, what can two people do? What is the right role of a foreigner? How can we be of service in this place, so full of pain and beauty? We look for ways we can be truly helpful to Carmen's projects, but know that much of our work right now is about listening and learning. At times the struggles around us feel overwhelming. And yet we must have this faith—that our job is to follow and live up to the Light that we know... and more will be granted us.

We continue to be inspired and led by those around us, the survivors, the workers, the singers, the revolutionaries, and the peacemakers of this country. □

Carin Anderson is a singer-songwriter and educator who has a deep commitment to children, alternatives to violence, and music. She has worked in conflict management in the San Francisco public schools, played in a professional new-folk duo, and done service work in Central America, Hong Kong, Germany, California and Massachusttes. She recently spent 3 1/2 months working with Carmen Broz (Palo Alto Meeting) in rural El Salvador.

Guatemala: Light and Dark

Art by Trudy Myrrh Reagan

By Sharman Russell
Gila Meeting

In May of 1997 my friend Polly and I visited Guatemala for two weeks. As a writer, I wanted to explore my relationship to the world. I felt that my ideas about social justice had become oddly childish—and whiny. Why were people so *meeean* to each other? Why couldn't the rich simply *shaaare* more?

As a newly committed Quaker, I wanted to meet Quakers in social service projects and explore Quakerism. For ten years, I had been an erratic attender at the Gila Friends Meeting in Silver City, New Mexico. Recently I had committed to the Meeting and suddenly I was secretary and a future clerk! What was I getting myself into?

Just outside Antigua, Polly and I spent the day with Nancy España, a member of the local Meeting. Nancy came to Guatemala as a Peace Corps worker, married a Guatemalan teacher, and settled in the poor village of Tejar. Immediately she began the kind of grassroots program happening all over Guatemala, where over 80% of children under five are malnourished and six out of ten women can not read or write. In order for children to attend school, for example, they must pay $75 yearly for a uniform, shoes, supplies, and registration fee. Nancy's scholarship program now helps educate seventy children in Tejar. She started a Mothers' Group to keep the children in school. She found the funds for a local library. And for three years she worked to build a Montessori-based day-care/feeding center. We met Nancy there a week before the center's opening. We left her playing with some of the toys.

"Oh, this one is my favorite!" Nancy exclaimed over an educational puzzle. A hundred young children—hungry, unbathed, lousy, sick withdysentery, smiling, bright, poised for life, ready for hope—could come to this school. A hundred children's lives would be transformed. Nancy España glowed. People who transform lives are usually happy.

The larger Meeting in Antigua sponsors another important project called the Friends Scholarship/Student Loan Program. This year, they supported ninety students in high schools and colleges through out Guatemala. Many of the students are Mayan and/or women. Until recently, an educated Mayan was automatically labeled a "subversive." Most students will return to their rural communities as doctors, dentists, nurses, lawyers, and social workers. In this way, whole villages may also be transformed.

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Quaker Youth At the Border: Reports from Maclovio Rojas

At the end of August, seventeen teens and thirteen adults participated in a weeklong workcamp at Maclovio Rojas, a homesteaders' community in Mexico near Tijuana. This project was sponsored by Southern California Quarter and the AFSC. Here are some reports:

Spending a week doing this service project is what really makes an infinite amount of difference. The lifestyle of Maclovio Rojas residents is so foreign to me (being middle class and white) that if I spent only one weekend on this project, I would not have come away with quite so much. When I first came to Maclovio Rojas, it seemed like an alien planet.

This experience has changed my perspective utterly and given new fire to old convictions. That these projects speak to the heart of Quakerism is beyond all doubt.—*Holly Summers, Quaker youth from La Jolla.*

When I first saw the community of Maclovio Rojas from the back seat of a car, the sight took my breath away. Along the way, I saw some of the houses. Most were made of old garage doors and various ill-fitting pieces of plywood. Despite the drabness of the homes and the area, I found Maclovio Rojas a very beautiful place.

During the week, we all pulled together and worked as a group to get things done. Sometimes the young children would come and help in any way they could. In the evenings when they were off work, some of the youth from the community would come work with us. When it would get too dark to continue working, we would stand around and communicate as well as we could given the language barrier. It was awfully funny at times when we could figure out exactly what was being said, and vice versa.

On Friday, our last day, the community prepared a meal for us. It was absolutely fantastic. I'm not sure exactly what it all was, but I know it was great.

Later that night, there was a dance. We all danced for a few hours and everyone had fun. I know I did. During the last hour, a bunch of us formed a circle and people would take turns going in the middle and showing off their moves. For me, it felt as though during the dance, we were all communicating flawlessly.

Photo by Jeanette Norton

In reflecting on the week, I have come to realize why I found the community so beautiful. The people who live there are wonderful, hard-working people. I felt that they knew how to appreciate everything they had, which went way beyond material items. Many people said, "The people of Maclovio Rojas may not have had material possessions, but they are incredibly rich in the ways that count." This I truly believe.—*Kate Newlin, Quaker youth from Berkeley Meeting.*

One of the things that struck me most deeply on this trip was the feast that the people of MR had prepared for us and the way it was prepared—with much love and much care—and the appreciation that this was meant to express. In fact, this moment moved me to tears because I understood what a whole day spent preparing this meal, and the cost of the meal, meant. Yesterday Mark and I drove a man to Tecate so that he could interview for another job. In his current job, he works six days, twelve hours each day, every week, and earns only $20 per week, for himself, his wife, and his four kids. We can't easily understand the sacrifice these people made to show their appreciation for our work and our presence.... —*Ted Levine, grad student.*

The thing that has struck me as the greatest importance of everything that I have learned is my personal awareness of the perpetual struggle for identity. Most dramatically, it has manifested itself in Maclovio Rojas' fight for land rights and some kind of autonomy. These people have been trying for years to gain a community. Through their struggles for legal recognition, they have gained a much more important and lasting spiritual sense of community.

The youth in [our] group, like the people of Macrovio Rojas, crave their own voice. They want to have the decisions made by their system actually upheld and respected. They—especially I—want to be able to have their ideas taken seriously without having to resort to violence and angry power struggles.

The people I have met here have taught me a lot about myself and people in general. I just wanna say "thanks" to everyone and that I appreciate them being so cool and kind to me. You're great people. I won't ever forget you.—Jon MacIntyre, Quaker youth from Orange County.

Each of us will take away something different from this week, but all of us will have learned a lot.

A project like this cannot go without any problems. I was hurt when I was trying to be friendly to the youth of Maclovio Rojas and one of them made some inappropriate racial and sexual comments towards me. As the week went on, I began to understand the Mexican culture better and accepted those comments as harmless.

The growth I experienced and the friendship I made are well worth any difficulties I encountered. I learned more this week than any other in my life.—*Anna Morgan, Orange County Quaker youth and Clerk of the YSP Committee.*

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Right now I am feeling especially moved by the tenacity of this group to hear each other and be heard. I admire the courage of all involved in our decision-making process to speak up, to seek truth, and to speak truth. I've learned a good deal about the Maclovio Rojas community and its struggle as well as some things about Mexican culture. I've also learned some more about the struggle of being a teenager, of being an adult who cares deeply about teenagers (especially this group of teens), and about being a parent. I'm once again awed by the way the spirit lives and works within among us.—*Iris Graville, parent from Lopez Island, Washington.*

Upon hearing of this project, I knew that I wanted to go.... My only hesitation was the idea of spending a week with people I didn't even know. Once I discovered non-Quakers could attend, I immediately invited my Catholic best friend to come with us as I knew she too would have the same motivation as I and that this would be a fun experience for us to share.

Indeed it has been just that...This trip has been excellent for many reasons. I have really enjoyed getting to know my Quaker teen peers and spending a week of my summer in Mexico. The schedule has been great fun; between all the breaks, swimming, going to Tijuana, we managed to be very productive. But most important is the sense of pride and accomplishment that comes with knowing you've helped people other than yourself.

Working at Maclovio Rojas has been a great learning experience as well. Seeing the difference between their neighborhoods and ours, we teenagers got an idea of how lucky we are to have everything we call our own. By the same token we have witnessed their remarkable spirit—their willingness to fight, and above all, to persevere against an unjust, self-serving government. The residents of MR have the ability to appreciate so much, all of the little things that we upper and middle class Americans could never think to see or care about.

Jeanette Norton and MR Children - Staff Photo

The fruit of silence is prayer,
the fruit of prayer is faith,
the fruit of faith is love,
the fruit of love is service,
the fruit of service is peace....
—Mother Teresa

(Read by Jeanette Norton during worship sharing time)

I am really glad I came and hope to have more experiences like this in the future. Also, although it is not said nearly enough, all the work and love put into this project by the adults is greatly appreciated. Thank you, Anthony [Manousos, Youth Service Project Coordinator], Jeanette [Norton, Clerk of YSP Committee], Mark [McClure, Christian Education Director at Whittier First Friends Church], Mike [Gray, Coordinator of Intermountain Yearly Meeting's Joint Service Program], Iris [Edinger, AFSC Committee member], Iris [Graville, parent and adult helper], Alan [White, YSP Committee member], and Pat [McCully, adult helper]!—*Leyla Fykes, Qauker youth from La Jolla.*

[*Thanks are also due to: Leticia Jimenez and Roberto Martinez of the AFSC Mexico Border Program (see insert); Michael Schnorr, art professor from San Diego who worked at Maclovio Rojas every weekend for the past 18 months to set up this project. Michael has organized art projects in Third World communities around the world, and is the recipient of numerous awards, including a prize from the United Nations and a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.*

Those interested in finding out more about Maclovio Rojas should read an article by David Bacon entitled "Evening the Odds: Cross-Border Organizing Gives Labor a Chance" (The Progressive, *July 1997).*—Editor]

Nicaragua Book Project

By Jeanne Nash,
Fort Collins Meeting

Two book-lovers are combing their enthusiasm to help bring opportunities for literacy and reading to Nicaragua. Gracia Fay Ellwood (Orange Grove Meeting, CA) and Jeanne Nash (Fort Collins Meeting, CO), met three summers ago on a Friends Library Delegation Tour sponsored by Pro-Nica, a service project of Southeastern Yearly Meeting. Pro-Nica has a full-time director and a small, part-time staff which manages El Centro de los Amigos, a hospitality Center in Managua. It is also the hub of activities supporting projects in health, education, agriculture, and nonviolence in partnership with locally initiated groups.

After visiting libraries and humble bookshelves in a farm co-op near the Honduran border, a community center on the edge of the city dump, a poor barrio school run by volunteers, the men's maximum security prison, and a remarkable home for street kids, we were left with no doubt as to the country's need and desire for literacy.

The great gains in literacy rates achieved during the years of the revolution have been slipping away as succeeding administrations pursue other priorities.

With the support of our Meetings and Friends around the country, the "Library Project" continues to grow. For several years before we met, Gracia Fay and I shared books, ideas, and moral support, working out the best ways to reach

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Last December, after decades of civil war, the Guatemalan government signed a Peace Accord with those guerrillas still fighting for land reform and social justice. That peace is tenuous. Violence is still prevalent: human rights abuses, death squads, kidnappings, vigilantism, common crime.

Yet as one Guatemalan—whose father had been murdered by the military—told me, "Violence doesn't work. We tried that for thirty-five years. No, I think the answer lies in the education of women. Women aren't usually valued. But women raise the family. Educating women—that's a slower but surer way."

In Guatemala City, Polly and I visited another school run by the nondenominational Christian Children's Fund (CCF). I sponsor two children through CCF and was eager to see one of their projects. Again, the school seemed full of light and harmony. Smiling children rose to chorus, "*Buenos días, señoras*!" The director was proud to show me her medical clinic and small laboratory.

"We can do the blood work right here!" she enthused.

Outside the school, we walked through a kind of urban hell where thousands of homeless people had built shacks of tin and wood near a garbage dump and some railroad tracks. The nauseating odor of rotting garbage mixed with the smell of human and animal excrement. There was no running water, no sewage system. Men carrying tires or resting on tires seemed to glare at us. Tires were piled everywhere. Our escorts, Guatemalan CCF workers, whispered nervously, afraid of being robbed.

Yet here we met a woman with three children in the CCF school. Her oldest child, a girl suffering from polio, was now in college studying to be an accountant! Here, again, was light and hope, bravery and joy.

At one point in our trip, my friend and I visited the Quetzal Reserve, a remnant of a once-huge cloud forest. We got up at dawn to see the rare, scarlet-breasted, emerald-green resplendent Quetzal, Guatemala's national bird. In an aerial dance, he attracts his mate, his long tailfeathers undulating with the movements of a flying snake. The cloud forest also hummed its tune of green, drizzling, dreaming, serenely beautiful.

This is the hard part. The cost of that trip, plus some gifts for my family, was $75, the cost of sending a child to school. I have made these kinds of comparisons before. But in Guatemala I did not see an abstract comparison. I saw a choice. I had chosen not to send a child to school and to spend that money on something else. I would make that decision over and over. I would choose to deny hope and sustenance to a child. Yes, I gave $75 to Nancy España. Then I bought something else, piano lessons for my daughter, a rosebush, something complex or beautiful.

In Guatemala, I stopped whining. The world is made up of "haves" and "have nots" because I, as a "have," don't want to give up too much of what I have. I don't want to diminish my wonderful life, not even so that a child can have hope and sustenance. This is a bottom line, rock bottom. In Jungian terms, this was a long conversation with the Shadow. I have wept over this. But I also feel clearer, less in denial.

Most Quakers are familiar with the history of Guatemala. We know that our government supported terrorism in this country. We know how the rich and powerful tortured the poor. In Guatemala, I saw that all the questions I want to ask the world, about greed and violence, I need only ask myself. For it is violent and greedy to deny a child hope and sustenance. And how far is the distance between that violence—which I choose everyday—and the violence of the torturer? In Guatemala I saw the light and the dark, not out there, but in me. I suspect that this kind of painful insight is what it means to be a Quaker. I saw, too, that darkness does not cancel out light, for I know that I contain them both, side by side. My "rock bottom answer" has only led to new questions—surely another Quaker experience. □

Anyone who would like to help Nancy España should write to the Waljok Foundation, 20400 Fifth Street West, Sonoma, CA 95476. To donate to the Guatemala Scholarship Program, send a check to the Redwood Forest Friends Meeting, GSP, P.O. Box 1831, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

("Nicaragua," continued from page 222)

those most in need and most desirous of help.

With the exception of a few select science texts in English, all books must be in Spanish. This requires a little digging.

All books are sent to the Friends Center in Managua by USPO "M" Bag and to date have an almost 100% safe arrival rate.

We continue to send books to the places we visited and have news of another exciting project. A half day's drive northeast of Managua is the farming community of Achuapa, serving a scattered farm area of about 18,000. They are regularly beset by drought, floods, outbreaks of disease, and showers of volcanic ash. However, they have a library room and a paid librarian who faithfully keeps records and cares for the 257 old and battered books the town now owns. There is no money to do more and it's not likely they will receive help elsewhere. Raphaela Velarde, the libarian, and Milan Valenzuelo, the mayor, are encouraged by the prospect of getting help from Friends.

Raphela says book requests have ranged from Disney to *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, so there's a wide reading public out there hungry for books, although most of her customers are of grade school age.

While Nicaragua is about the size of Pennsylvania, much of the land is only marginally hospitable and most of the over four million inhabitants live along the western coast. After Haiti, it is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, a good place for books and Friends' concerns. For more information, contact Jeanne Nash at 970-484-5537 or e-mail dnash@lamar.colostate.edu

The Advocate

Volume 1 **Issue 1** **October 1997**

Three Hundred Die Yearly in Border Crossing, According to University of Houston Study

A University of Houston study has stated that at least 190 die at the border between Mexico and the Texas each year. The number who die maybe as high as 330. Due to the remote locations of some of the crossing places, the lack of record keeping facilities, the lack of funds to investigate deaths in some of the counties or simply lack of concern for the victims might raise the toll to as high as 1000. Pooling data from both countries yields an estimate of as many as 270 migrants drowning each year while attempting to cross the Rio Grande (120 in Texas and 150 in Mexico). That total may also be higher if there are additional deaths that do not come to the attention of the officials on either side of the border.

Migrants die from other causes than drowning. Other principal causes of death include violent assault and motor vehicle and railway accidents. During the early part of the winter of 1996-97 seventeen deaths from exposure were recorded on the San Diego-Mexico border. This does not take into account 31 unarmed men shot and killed by police and Border Patrol agents during previous years.

Undocumented immigrants account for many of the 1,900 to 3,200 of unknown origin who lost their lives primarily through drownings at the Texas-Mexico border between 1985 and 1994.

Photo by Lina Poleta

Many being without papers were identified only as Mexican. Over thirty bodies were pulled from the Rio Tijuana in 1994. Many are buried in nameless graves, forever lost to their next of kin.

The following comment came from a Texas border Justice of the Peace: "If most J.P.s down here find them in the river they just assume it is by drowning, and its just another illegal Mexican. They are not from here. They don't matter. There is no investigation. No questions. But it's still a human being, isn't it?"

On many occasions there is no attempt to determine the cause of death, complete the death certificate, notify the next of kin and arrange for burial if no one claims the body. Circumstances such as lack of funding, personnel, facilities and advanced decomposition many times make identification impossible leading to a river banks-to-gravesite handling of the body. Informal practices are so well entrenched that one Justice of the Peace claimed to be able to distinguish a Mexican from a U.S. body by its clothes or by its physical features if unclothed.

Beefed-up activities which include an increase in the number of Border Patrol agents and the construction of physical boundaries (e.g. fences) in popular crossing areas have redirected flows to parts of the border which are vacant, unpoliced and dangerous. Migrants once braving the increased militarization and firepower of the San Diego border are now crossing very dangerous mountainous terrain. This being the case, it may be that deaths of the undocumented are increasing but that these remain hidden to officials and policy makers because there is

("Three Hundred Die," continued on page 2)

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Goals of the Program

1 To help immigrants secure their legal and labor rights through education, outreach, empowerment and advocacy.

2 To monitor federal, state and local law enforcement agency practices, and advocate for more humane immigration policies.

3 To promote understanding of the problems immigrants face in the U.S. and their economic and cultural contributions.

4 To study the social and political and economic causes of labor migration patterns and their impact on border cities.

5 To support strategic litigation that impacts immigration policies.

("Three Hundred Die," continued from page 1)
no one in the area to observe it.

The U.S. should consider the human costs of migration when setting its enforcement policies. Border enforcement causes undocumented migrants to take additional risks to avoid apprehension. A Rand Institute official has said that there is no way we will ever stop U.S. investment in Mexico and we will never stop migration from Mexico to the U.S. Assumptions that increased firepower, saturating the border with personnel both military and Border Patrol, erecting a three tiered fence and using state of the art technology are without foundation. The only result we can be assured of is more nameless deaths. □

In Memory Of Rubén Dario Miranda Valenzuela

Rubén had crossed the border looking for work many times before. When he left that Friday in June, 1992, he hugged his two children and told Margarita he would be back as soon as he could get together some money to help them in their construction of a house. Margarita Tello de Miranda's life was turned upside down when she heard the news on the Nogales radio that her husband had been found dead that Saturday morning in Mariposa Canyon. He had been shot twice in the back.

Five agents of the Border Patrol followed Rubén as he crossed the border. They were convinced he was a drug scout. Tom Watson and Michael Elmer split up in an effort to arrest him and others with him. Elmer carried an illegal AR-15 carbine. Watson shot several rounds into the air, an act which was against Border Patrol policy. Subsequently Elmer fired at Ruben. Watson found Elmer standing over the body of Rubén as he gloated, Watson testified.

According to testimony, Watson suggested that they needed to report the shooting as an accident. Elmer replied, "No, I can't do that because I shot him six or eight times and most of them are in the back." Instead Elmer wanted to drag the body over the border and bury it in Mexico the next day. Elmer testified that he saw something shiny at Rubén's side and thought it was a gun, though he was unarmed.

The shooting was not reported in the period of time prescribed by policy—not until a day later. Because Elmer had threatened his partner if he reported it, Watson told his wife and children to leave town. Watson was afraid of Elmer and reported the killing 18 hours later.

Margarita met Rubén in 1985 at a soccer game, a game he dearly loved to play. It was instant love and they soon married. He worked various jobs, packing groceries, selling Popsicles, working in maquilladoras, in tortilla shops and finally in upholstery. His mind was on building the house and only Tucson afforded enough money for that.

The County Coroner found that Rubén could have lived for as long as thirty minutes and might even have been saved had he received quick medical attention.

Elmer was charged with first degree murder. A Nogales waitress of Mexican heritage stated, "It seems that he and other officers used to go to the restaurant she worked in every day but Elmer never wanted her to serve him. He hated Mexicans."

On March 18, 1992, a motorist claimed Elmer assaulted him, with stitches being required for one of the wounds. Later that night he shot

("In Memory of Rubén..." continued on p. 3)

EDITORIAL

"To Be Neutral Is To Come Down on the Side of Power"

Though there have been repeated beatings, shootings and rapes of defenseless people on the border as well as on the city streets, there appears to be a widespread state of denial of these facts. The result is an ennui that gives permission for the continuing of such abuses. There is an assumption that we are a compassionate people and that law enforcement only acts forcefully when required. "He was guilty or they would not have arrested him." This is a direct quote from a juror with whom I served several years ago. Unless we or a member of our family is a victim, it is easy to come down on the side of authority. Why?

If you cannot accept your own capacity for violence you may find it hard to believe that a law officer can be abusive, even violent. There seems to be a tendency to identify more closely with the more powerful—those in authority. A society of people with little ego strength or little spiritual armor tends to gather around the powerful.

We are caught between our profession of faith in the Judeo-Christian ethic which demands that "we love our neighbor as ourselves" and the fear of being caught outside without the support of those calling for blood and retribution. Defending human rights is not a professional pursuit. "I used to be an activist but as I matured I gave it up" is an often heard remark. Cries for help from the defenseless are ceaseless. In answering the calls there is no assurance of protection from the predators, nor is there assurance that you will succeed in bringing justice to the oppressed, but "to let your light so shine" is to bring the inner peace that comes from staying faithful to the cause. The title of the editorial is a quote from a recent *Friends Journal*. The AFSC U.S.-Mexico Border Program chooses to stand on the side of the oppressed; therefore, The Advocate is the name of our publication.

("In Memory of Ruben..." continued from page 2)
into a group of 30 undocumented immigrants, wounding one of them. Contrary to policy, neither incident was reported. Complaints by the victims were ignored. Allegations that Elmer has consumed and sold drugs that were seized during raids were made. Elmer was acquitted at a criminal trial and later in a civil trial. Agent McDonald, Border Patrol spokesman for the Tucson sector, stated to a tour group cosponsored by AFSC, "I don't know how he got out of that."

Margarita talked about the trial: "Well, we don't want him dead or anything. We're not bad like that. But he should pay for what he has done because he has caused us a great deal of pain. The Border Patrol has done many bad things but this is the worst."

A list of those who have died at the U.S./Mexico Border in January, 1997, is included in the Memorial Minutes of *Friends Bulletin* (Oct., 1997). □

Victory for Advocates of Demilitarizing Border

On Tuesday, July 29, the Pentagon announced it would withdraw all U.S. ground troops involved in drug interdiction operations along the Mexico-U.S. Border. In a move Pentagon officials said was prompted by the recent shooting death of 18-year-old Esequiel Hernández of Redford (TX) by a U.S. Marine, all patrols by military personnel along the 2,000-mile-border have suspended indefinitely. (*Note that this does not affect operations by the U.S. Border Patrol.)*

This withdrawal represents a major victory for the community of Redford and for AFSC, which has been supporting the community in its search for justice. Esequiel's family and the community as a whole have been strong and clear in their conviction that government policies placing heavily armed Marines in border communities, and not the 22-year-old Marine corporal who shot Esequiel, bear the primary responsibility for his death.

The Pentagon's move followed closely on a visit to Washington July 16–18 by a delegation from Redford that included Esequiel's sister, Belén, and five members of the newly formed Redford Citizens Committee for Justice. AFSC staff María Jiménez of the Immigration Law Enforcement Monitoring Project and Jim Matlack of the Washington Office assisted the group to travel to Washington, arranged their appointments with a series of top policy makers, and organized a news

Photo by Lina Poleta

conference at the National Press Club to report on the results of their visit. (The Mexico-U.S. Border Program in the National Office helped coordinate media outreach for this event.)

Texas authorities (including the local D.A. and investigators for the Texas Rangers) openly challenged the Marines' account of the case. Hernandez was killed on May 20, 1997 while tending to his family's herd of goats. The military claimed that Marine corporal Clemente Banuelos, who shot Esequiel, acted in self-defense, saying that Hernández had shot twice at the group of four Marines and was about to shoot again when the squad leader returned fire. The four Marines were part of Joint Task Force 6, an interagency force created for drug surveillance operations in border areas and operating under the authority of the U.S. Border Patrol.

The Marines' version has also been challenged by family, friends, and neighbors of Esequiel, a well-liked resident of Redford, a tiny, isolated border town located 180 miles southeast of El Paso, Texas. Esequiel was carrying an 80-year-old 22-caliber rifle when he was shot, which his family has said was used mostly for target shooting and to keep animals away from the family's goats. Although it is possible that he may have shot in the direction of the Marines, it should also be noted that the Marines were in "ghillie" suits at the time (a form of camouflage) and were probably unrecognizable as human beings, let alone government agents. The Marines were armed with M-16s.

On August 13, 1997, a Presidio County grand jury refused to indict the Marine who fatally shot Hernández.

Advocates for Hernárdez vowed to call for another grand jury and a court of inquiry, according to a *Houston Chronicle* report. They objected to the presence of Border Patrol and customs employees on the grand jury. Wearing purple and blue ribbons in support of the youth, they also staged a protest.

"We object to the criminalization of communities that live along the border," said Maria Loya, a spokes-woman for the El-Paso-based Border Rights Coalition. □

("Operation Gatekeeper," continued from p. 4)
have admitted firing at groups of migrants passing through their property.

The crisis at the border can only get worse as the border patrol begins to reach its goal of bringing its strength up to 10,000 agents by the year 2000. A section in IRCA calls for "due and deliberate actions…to safeguard constitutional rights, personal safety and human dignity of U.S. Citizens and aliens" (IRCA - section 115). As long as the government continues to increase border patrol agents without improving screening and training, as well as increasing accountability and oversight, we can expect to see human and civil rights abuses continue. □

The Human Cost of "Operation Gatekeeper"

By Roberto Martinez

Roberto Martinez Leads AFSC Youth On Tour of U.S./Mexico Border

Staff Photo

Human rights violations occur every day somewhere along the U.S.-Mexico border. The odds against survival will only increase under "Operation Gatekeeper," the U.S. Border patrol's strategy to concentrate hundreds of agents using a three-tier system along the San Diego/ Tijuana border.

The human cost of border enforcement is staggering. The American Friends Service Committee in San Diego regularly receives reports and complaints of harassment, beatings and other civil rights violations by police, border patrol, highway patrol, sheriffs, INS, and customs. In April, a man was lawfully walking over the pedestrian bridge at the border checkpoint when an INS agent gave him a karate chop to the neck; another twisted his arm, handcuffed him and yelled at him to "speak English" when he protested. The man was a lawful permanent resident returning to the U.S. after a brief trip to Tijuana; the agents offered no explanation. In March, a permanent resident of the U.S. and her U.S.-citizen daughter were forced to spread their legs for a body-cavity search at the San Diego checkpoint as male INS agents watched.

Immigrant Deaths

Migrant deaths are also common. During a one-week period in January, 17 migrants perished in the mountains east of San Diego due to snow, rain and freezing temperatures. It is estimated that between 50 and 100 immigrants and refugees die each year crossing the California/Baja California border from drownings, heat exposure, hypothermia and accidents.

There are now 2,000 border patrol agents and 250 national guardsmen on the San Diego border. According to recent legislation introduced by Congressman Duncan Hunter, military officers will be patrolling the border by this summer. The plan has resulted in pushing migrants further East into the dangerous conditions of the mountains and deserts of San Diego County and Imperial Valley.

High speed chases by border patrol and highway patrol have killed and injured dozens of migrants last year, 13 in the month of April alone. These deaths have occurred in spite of the border patrol's apparent "revision" of its pursuit policy following the 1992 chase that killed six, including students, in front of a high school.

Over the last two years, we have also seen a dramatic increase in police abuse against immigrants. Local police forces are using false or non-existent warrants and engaging in physical and verbal abuses with increasing impunity. The Anti-Terrorism Act, which authorizes local police cooperation with the INS, has only served to encourage more abuses of both documented and undocumented immigrants, as well as harassment of U.S.-born Latinos. In addition, armed California Department of Forestry agents have been authorized to detain and interrogate suspected undocumented immigrants in rural areas.

The anti-immigrant sentiment has also been fomented by members of rural militias. We have already received complaints by Latino residents of men dressed in militia uniforms and armed with heavy weapons running them out of the border area, even though many of these Latinos own property in the area. East county residents are also arming themselves against immigrants crossing through their ranches and farms. They

("Operation Gatekeeper," cont. on p. 3, col. 3)

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IMYM Minute on U.S./Mexico Border Relations

At its gathering at Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colorado, Intermountain Yearly Meeting reached unity on the following statement:

We are aware of the sufferings of workers who migrate across the U.S./Mexico border. We see the fence, the harassment of migrants, the denial of life, liberty, and equal protection under the law as expressions of racism, of economic exploitation, and political opportunism.

We stand in opposition to these policies and actions by any government, especially our own. We call upon ourselves and upon our elected representatives to abandon the rhetoric or the scapegoating of migrant workers and instead to adopt and promote policies of humane treatment. We advocate orderly structures for regulating trade and labor across our borders, such as adoption and strict adherence to the environmental and fair labor side agreements of the North American Free Trade Agreement and a revitalized Bracero Program.

A Peace and Friendship Pilgrimage to Havana?

A condensed version of an article by Tom Crumpacker, a retired lawyer from Carbondale, CO, who has been traveling to Cuba recently—without a license.

Cuba is in crisis. Most of the eleven million people on the island are living in grinding poverty. Unemployment has reached 40%. Work pays the equivalent of $15-20 per month.

This crisis results in part from the economic war which the U.S. government has been waging against the Cuban people over the years. One distressing aspect of this is the effort to punish foreigners who dare to do business in Cuba. The world-wide outcry against this flagrant violation of international law rarely gets much attention in the U.S. press. More distressing is the embargo's effect on the once praised Cuban health care system. The initial Pastors for Peace caravans carrying medical suppies were halted at U.S. borders, but apparently the Cuban administration was too embarrassed to stop the last one.

While avidly promoting trade and U.S. corporate interests in communist countries like Vietnam and China, it has become difficult for Washington to come up with a rational justification for its harsh treatment of our close neighbors and friends. Although not clear, it's beginning to seem that most Cuban-Americans do not favor the present policy. What is clear is that some groups who hope to profit from chaos in Cuba have been making large investments in the campaigns of key U.S. politicians like Clinton and Helms. Our government continues to claim that the purpose of its policy is to promote democracy in Cuba, but everyone knows it's having the opposite effect. Defensive measures and repression by the Cuban authorities put further stress on its beleaguered people and tend to foreclose the narrowing opportunities for democracy.

Cuba desperately needs U.S. tourism, not just for the dollars but also for personal interaction with Americans who have democratic values.

Our Bill of Rights has been interpreted by our Supreme Court to secure the right of Americans to travel to foreign countries which are at peace with us. In spite of this, the Reagan administration enacted purported "controls" on the ability of Americans to travel to Cuba, which have become more restrictive under Clinton. Supposedly licenses must be obtained from the State Department, which are to be granted only to specific categories of people, including approved journalists, academics (educational activity), and certain relatives in emergency situations. Because "travel" as opposed to "currency" controls are clearly unconstitutional (they also violate all the international conventions), our government has not and does not seek to enforce them; rather, their obvious purpose, along with the associated State Department warnings, is simply to frighten Americans out of going to Cuba.

While our Constitution guarantees our right of travel to and in Cuba, our government denies us the right to spend money accomplishing it. Under ordinary circumstances it seems it would be difficult for U.S. authorities to prove what we do or spend in Cuba. Nevertheless, it would seem wise for returning U.S. politically incorrect travelers who are interrogated to remain silent if they can. If they are forced to admit that they spent money, they should be aware that their admissions cannot be used against them in court, at least so long as the judges comprising the U.S. judiciary (unlike the executive branch) continue to

("Pilgrimage to Havana" continued on page 227)

Quaker Veracity and Immigration Issues

By Carl Wallen
Tempe, Arizona

"How doth Truth prosper in thy parts?" was a traditional Quaker greeting. Truth often doth not prosper well among Quakers when they discuss immigration issues. A glaring example of the lack of Quaker veracity is the use of deceptive terminology about immigration. The current politically correct term used by some Quakers when referring to people who are in the United States illegally is *undocumented immigrants.* The term makes it appear that the people are in the country legally; they just do not have the documents on their person to prove that legality. If I forget to take my wallet with me when I drive my car, then I am an undocumented driver, meaning that I am a legal driver but I am not carrying the document that proves my legality—my driver's license. If I had driven a car when I was fifteen, before getting a driver's license, I would have been an illegal driver. The term *undocumented immigrant* replaced the less deceptive, plain-speech terms, *illegal alien* and *illegal immigrant.*

Truth also doth not prosper well among Quakers when they make deceptive statements about *open borders,* i.e. allowing all persons who wish to immigrate to the United States to do so by simply walking freely across the border. The deceptive statements are taken from an unpublished paper by the American Friends Service Committee, *AFSC Talking Points on Border Enforcement* (1997). The paper begins with this question, "Does AFSC support open borders?" It answers, "No....According to international law, all nations have the sovereign right to control their borders."

("Quaker Veracity," continued on page 228)

Friendly News

New Mexico Region

Summer brings out fewer newsletters, less news of Quakers. A number of monthly meetings skip meeting for worship for business in July, since so many Friends are away. This does not necessarily mean that nothing is happening. Matters of some importance are being mulled over and, as with our yearly meeting, thoughtful "visioning" may in time emerge.

One persistent question has been "What are the beliefs which unite us as (or not as) a Christian sect?" Members of Albuquerque Meeting's M&W and O &C Committees met to consider the substance of this question. Lacking a creed, can we nevertheless say what defines us? Maybe we cannot, but when we meet in silent worship and speak out of the silence, we feel very clearly what it is that binds us together.

Another issue shared by several meetings is a g eneral uneasiness about funds. Contributions are somewhat laggard. Do we therefore trim our budget? Or should we continue to trust, as we always have, that we will somehow meet our financial obligations one way or another?

Regional meeting, coming up fast at Ghost Ranch near the end of September, begins the new scheduling system we designed at our last Regional Meeting to clarify which monthly meetings are to be responsible for organizing regionals and at what time of year and where. Durango—of the handsomely simple new Meeting House many of us visited on an afternoon at IMYM—is taking charge this fall and Albuquerque in the spring of '98.

That's the general news, such as it is. Particularly, Gila Meeting continues to arrange meetings here and there, now and then. They've welcomed a new family—the Ravens—to Silver City and said goodbye to the Watfords. Much of their newsletter is filled with selections from Steve and Nena MacDonald, doing straw bale construction work in Mongolia with the Mennonites.They also ask for letters protesting the silencing of peaceful anti-nuclear leafletting at the Los Alamos National Laboratory.

Gallup Worship Group's newly initiated newsletter—the *Nanizhoozhi News,* with pictures, photos, and cartoons—mentions a retreat they held at El Morro and their hopes for a gathering with Friends in Grants. Clear Light Worship Group in Taos collected eleven Friends from Albuquerque Meeting for the moving and beautiful outdoor wedding of Heidi Habicht and Gibb Brownlee. A number of Friends from Albuquerque also attended a memorial service in Socorro for Archie Roath, whose fiftieth wedding anniversary we had celebrated with Jean not much more than a year ago.

And Marguerite Culp's last newsletter from the Santa Fe meeting, before she took over editing our newly adopted and very welcome Regional Newsletter, makes note of projected summer visitations to the worship groups under their care. In the same issue, Nichoe Lichen of Chamisa Preparative makes note of a continuing perplexity for many of us: "How to make plain to those new to Friends Meetings that the full life of a Meeting is its spiritual practice." It is another of those questions we are mulling over as the year slips on into autumn.—Phyllis Hoge, Albuquerque Meeting.

Intermountain Region

The Co-Clerk of Colorado Springs Meeting reports: The Colorado Springs Friends meeting, continues to be a small, yet vibrant meeting. This summer we've had quite a few good things happen within and surrounding the meeting.

We gathered weekly for 12 weeks over the summer to explore spirituality, creativity, and getting unblocked as artistic beings using as our guide Julia Cameron's book *The Artists' Way.* Of course, this afforded the group an opportunity for fellowship and sharing on more personal levels as well as exploring each of our issues involving being blocked artists.

In September, we'll restart the monthly mid-week gatherings we call "Soup 'n' Sharing.' On the menu: New England clam chowder, homemade bread. The topic for worship sharing: vocal ministry. Grist for past sharing sessions has included mysticism, inspiration, alternatives to the death penalty, forgiveness, and personal immortality.

On October 23, Friends are sponsoring a community-wide "Quaker-style Meeting in Preparation for Peace," on the 200th day of the audaciously optimistic local grass roots initiative christened "1,000 Days of Preparation for 1,000 Years of Peace." Emulating the interiority of an unprogrammed Friends meeting, this event will be open to all, regardless of spiritual orientation or the absence thereof.

Colorado Springs Friends are scheduled to host the Spring 1998 Gathering of Colorado Regional Meeting. This will be our first ever time to serve in this way.

Our individual members are involved in beneficial activities, both personal and professional. We're particularly proud of our Julie Roten, who recently argued and won the decision in her first court case, a two weeklong civil trial against child sexual abusers.

We're also cheering for our Marielle Oetjen, who appears in a PBS television essay on the pervasive cultural disease for which it is titled, "Affluenza."

Fort Collins Meeting is supporting a project, "Operation Bookshelf," started in 1990 by member Jeanne Nash. The project is devoted to literacy and the distribution of books and educational materials, principally to children. Books in Spanish have been sent to Sonora, Mexico, to Harachic, an isolated town in Chihuaha, to a library in Guatemala started by a Friend, and to a school in Honduras. Currently the project is sending to books to a few of the poorer areas of Nicaragua, supporting two library/reading rooms, one of which is to be a safe meeting and study spot for teenagers. For more information on this project, contact Jeanne Nash, 1828 Busch Court, Ft. Collins, CO 80525. —Maria Krenz, Boulder

("Friendly News," continued on page 226)

("Friendly News," continued from page 225)

Arizona Region

Summer in Arizona! This is the time when the fortunate ones escape to cooler climates while many of the rest—those in the hotter parts of the state, that is—lapse into torpor, and good intentions evaporate in the face of high temperatures and high humidity. Flagstaff Meeting, though, with its high elevation, has had an active summer with the annualbike ride (downhill) from Painted Desert Vista near Sunset Crater to the Indian ruins at Wupatki, followed by a potluck picnic. There was an ice cream social organized by the Young Friends to raise money for a charity of their choice. In the fall there will be a six-week course, Quakerism 101, an introduction to the history and fundamentals of Quakerism. For some time now, Flagstaff Friends have been giving deep thought to the question of whether to appoint a Ministry and Oversight committee. Meanwhile, Tempe Meeting is considering how successful the division of the responsibilities between two separate committees has been. The two committees had their first joint meeting on August 24, a meeting which began with deep worship sharing followed by discussion of joint concerns. The feeling was that the purpose of creating the two committees had been achieved—that each group was able to focus more effectively on its range of responsibilities.

The new Children's Religious Education Committee of Tempe Meeting has been kept busy through the summer. To provide a break in the usual routine, the First Day School summer program has been intergenerationalwith the first five weeks spent focusing on the testimonies, followed by a week when the children's work was displayed to the Meeting. One week was spent creating the most wonderful animal masks in preparation for a performance on September 7 of "The Cat Who Went to Heaven," adapted from the book by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Plans are under way for the fall, including some study of other religions following on from the introduction to Buddhism in the play. We are also planning the children's program for Arizona Half-Yearly Meeting, to be held in Prescott the first weekend in October. On August 17, Tempe Friends held a sing-song and ice cream social with ice cream made by the children. The occasion was both joyous and sad as we welcomed Byron Fanning into membership and at the same time bade farewell to Verne and Maria Underwood and Mo and Aya, who are moving to Oregon. —Doris Tyldesley, Tempe

Southern California Quarter

The efforts of many California Quakers are going into looking for sites for our continued business and fellowship. While Pacific Yearly Meeting has been grappling with the question of obtaining a permanent site for our annual meetings, Orange County, Marloma Long Beach and Whitleaf are seeking a site for next spring's Quarterly Meeting. Since these are small meetings without a meetinghouse, this calls for thought. Orange County has served as hosts in the past at the Harbor Area Adult Day Care Center, but having been asked to find another place to meet, they are involved in a site search of their own. Meanwhile, San Diego is also looking for a new place to meet.

Considerable creative thought is going into how to proceed in seeking a site, particularly among those considering whether to acquire property. Some are putting their minds to how to generate income from the site to provide service and ongoing maintenance. What kind of property would this entail? What are the steps to bring such a plan to reality? With so many minds devoted to the subject, PYM and SCQM will soon develop a pool of expertise (if they have not already) that should benefit those who follow.

Fortunately, our fall Quarterly Meeting has been offered a site. Claremont will host the SCQM at their meetinghouse on November 8-9.

The summer months have tended to be a quiet time among the Southern California meetings. Many people traveled north to Chico for PYM's gathering in August, 18 attenders from La Jolla alone. On the home front in the same month, activities continued while plans were adopted for the year to come. Claremont arranged a parents' support group meeting and held gatherings for letter writing on timely issues to elected representatives. Marloma enjoyed their monthly session of poetry reading. San Diego shared a First-Sunday-of-the-Month picnic. In La Jolla an active Adult Education Committee made plans for monthly Saturday meetings from September to May and talked of possibly adding monthly Sunday meetings as well.

The summer months have their own rhythm. As people return from travels to various parts of the world, our minds, hopefully refreshed, turn our attention to our ongoing friendships within the Quaker community and to the part each one of us plays within the meetings. If there are problems to be solved, we trust that through our worship and leadings, way will open. Meanwhile, as the Desiderata advises, "Go placidly amid the noise & haste, & remember what peace there may be in silence."
—Bobbi Kendig, Marloma

Conference on Security, Religion, and Civilian-Based Defense In Los Angeles, November 21-23, 1997.

Individuals from diverse religious groups will gather to discuss possibilities for defense based on the capacity to use prepared nonviolent struggle against aggessors—and the degree of support which should be given, in various parts of the world, to study of this defense concept for national security. Location: Westwood United Methodist Church, 1049 Wilshire Blvd, Los Angeles. Contact: Civilian-Based Defense Association, P.O. Box 92, Omaha, NE 68101. Registrations, cosponsorship, and inquiries welcome. Phone: 402-558-2085. E-mail: melb@creighton.edu.

Book Reviews

An Indian Tapestry: Quaker Threads in the History of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh, from Seventeenth Century to Independence. By Marjorie Sykes. William Sessions Limited, York, England, 1997. 325 Pages Can be ordered from Martha Dart, 937 W. Bonita Ave. Claremont CA 91771 for $16 plus $2 p/p. Reviewed by Mary Davenport of Red Forest Meeting, who had the opportunity to meet Marjorie in the early 1970's when she visited Redwood Forest Meeting and Sri Eknath Easwaran's Ramagiri Ashram where Mary resides.

Did you know that the first English Quaker to visit India returned to England to tell George Fox of his visit in 1661? That a Quaker named John Bright refused to become Secretary of State for India in 1860 because he opposed the government's policies towards India, which British Friends were working to change? That a Quaker-owned merchant vessel carried wooded "Quaker" guns, pointing threateningly outward? A painting of this ship is depicted on the cover of Marjorie Syke's fascinating book, *An Indian Tapestry.*

Through exhaustive research Marjorie has profiled the lives of scores of British and later American Quakers who spread George Fox's message to India, and has interwoven them with the tumultuous events of British rule in India. Many of these Friends were sympathetic to India's ancient scriptures, which spoke of the light that "shines beyond darkness in the hearts of all." Many later were responsive to Mahatma Gandhi's nonviolent struggle for Indian independence.

Marjorie lived in India for sixty years and worked with Rabindranath Tagore at his school, Santiniketan, as well as with Mahatma Gandhi, and became an Indian citizen. She died in 1995 at the age of ninety, having brought the story up to 1945. Geoffrey Carnall, who had himself served in India, wrote the concluding chapter, "Partition and After," and edited the book. Marjorie's friend, Martha Dart of Claremont Meeting, wrote the introduction, describing Marjorie's absorption in her "detective work." The book is illustrated with photographs of a number of Friends whose stories are told, and helpful maps and an index are included.

Books on Mexico/U.S. Relations Available at AFSC Bookstore

(Those designated with a star were speakers during the month of June at Friends House in Pasadena)

* *Decade of Betrayal: Mexico Repatriation in the 1930's.* Francisco Balderrama. Univ. of New Mexico Press: 1997.

* *Challenging Fronteras: Structuring Latina and Latino Lives in the U.S.* Vilma Ortiz and Pierre Hondagneu-Sotelo, eds. Routledge, NY: 1997.

• *Militarization of the U.S.-Mexico Border 1978-1992.* Timothy Dunn. Univ. of Texas, Austin: 1997.

* *Uneasy Neighbors,* a 35-minute documentary by Paul Espinosa investigates the growing tensions between migrant worker camps and affluent homeowners in Northern San Diego county.

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("Pilgrimage to Havana," cont. from page 224)
honor their oath to uphold our Constitution.

The Pope has decide to come to Havana in January to give Cubans hope and encouragement in their time of need. An increasing number of Americans, prompted by the same spirit of brotherly love, are planning to go there and hear him.

At a June 12 press conference in Havana, Michael Ranneberger, the State Department's Coordinator for Cuban Affairs, responded as follows to a question as to how the U.S. travel restrictions would affect these Americans:

> ....We will, for our part, be looking at ways to facilitate licenses for people in the United States who want to travel down to Cuba. Obviously, no final decisions have been made in this regard. It's early in that process, but I think there will be pilgrims who want to come down. And, if there are, and if the Cuban government permit such people to come, I'm sure we will give them licenses.

Ranneberger knows that the Cuban government permits and welcomes all Americans (visas are no longer required). Note that the State Department is saying that it will now license "pilgrims" as well as journalists, academics, and relatives specified in the illegal laws. Webster's first definition of pilgrim is: "1. A wanderer; sojourner." Does the State Department mean only religious pilgrims? Or might it also license secular pilgrims whose motives are to fulfill their patriotic duty to disobey and thereby change unconstitutional laws? What about people with dual motives? No doubt the State Department will be answering these thorny questions in the coming weeks.

What will happen to the currency restrictions if thousands of Americans come to Havana in January? At the very least it is clear that they will not be enforced. Maybe their illegality and hypocrisy will be exposed. They might also be relegated to the dust bin of history where they belong. Who knows? Our government might even be forced to acknowledge the obvious: that progress and democracy will come to Cuba when Americans and Cubans are allowed and encouraged to mingle and interact personally.

So why not join us for a Cuban pilgrimage after Christmas? □

("Quaker Veracity," continued from page 224)
Later the paper asks, "What can be done to reduce undocumented immigration?" It answers, "International migration flows cannot be reduced until governments address the root causes of immigration—global dislocation, environmental devastation, and armed conflict. Migration can be reduced only by policies that support job creation, economic security, sustainable development, and democratic decision-making in migrants' country of origin."

Taken as a whole, the AFSC paper appears to be saying that it actually supports open borders until such time as all countries in the world exhibit equivalent political, social, and economic conditions. Obviously these AFSC conditions will not be met anytime soon, if ever.

The AFSC support of open borders for illegal immigration should not be confused with issues of legal immigration into the U.S., which, according to the I.N.S., amounted to over a million people during 1996, an increase of about 25% over the previous year. About 85% of that legal immigration came from Asia and Latin America, with Asia comprising some 22%. Legal immigration is expected to be substantially higher in 1997. The U.S. receives many more legal immigrants annually than the rest of the world combined. In addition, there are more than 300,000 to 500,000 illegal immigrants entering the U.S. every year.

Quakers should discipline themselves with special care when they discuss government activities such as immigration because many Americans are affected by a paranoia about government. Some Quakers believe that border patrol officers have a Nazi-like mentality—the Nazi charge was stated by an otherwise loving and sensible Quaker during a panel discussion about immigration issues held this year at Intermountain Yearly Meeting. I grew up during World War II and knew about the atrocities that the Nazis committed, including the systematic murder of over six million Jews. I am astounded that any sensible person would think that the U.S. Border Patrol officers are like the Nazis. But I am also astounded at anyone would believe that the weak United Nations is using black helicopters to conquer the world's one superpower.

How doth Truth prosper in thy discussions of immigration issues? □

("Epistles," continued from page 231)
Several committees and much discussion are directed to improving the quality of our community. The Committee on Right Holding of Yearly Meeting seeks to bring better order to our Yearly Meeting structure. The Faith and Practice Revision Committee expects to complete its work by the year 2001. The Sites Committee and the Pacific Friends Outreach Society attempt to find meeting sites that will better suit our needs.

More than one committee report this year included internet addresses. The Web adds one more way of holding our community together between our annual gatherings.

Our 1997 session seemed to be characterized by warm, informal exchanges, new friendships and small acts of caring for one another. In our diversity, we are reminded that God speaks in many languages and that we are asked to listen deeply. We pray that we may open our hearts to the many ways the Spirit speaks to us and leads us.—(signed) For Pacific Yearly Meeting, Eric Moon, Clerk

Pacific Junior Yearly Meeting Epistle

As Junior Yearly Meeting gathered again after a year of separation, we noticed how quickly we became open and secure in our sharing. Those of us who had experienced JYM in previous years had framed a web of community and spirit. Each year our web is strengthened by the addition of new strands of youthful light—meeting each new element of the expanding pattern of our web and accepting them into our community.

During the course of Pacific Yearly Meeting, we faced challenges that tested the strength of our web. These challenges rained down and brought out the flaws in our connections. Although the challenges were brought on by only a few raindrops, our entire community faced the truth and owned up to our flaws. The web was weakened by the breaking of a few strands, but the construction of the web was strong enough to withstand and grow stronger from these challenges. Now understanding our shortcomings, we started to repair our web, and the healing process began. As our healing continued, it became apparent that webs are more beautiful after a storm.—Junior Yearly Meeting Co-Clerks, Sarah House, Anna Morgan, Kate Newlin

Young Friends Epistle

The Young Friends arrived in Chico only to discover that we were clerk-less and plan-less; in other words, clueless. Yet that didn't stop us from conducting business, having worship sharing, and having fun. In being a relatively new group of Young Friends without much guidance from our older predecessors, we weren't sure how to go about conducting our normal business.

We discovered that a balance between spirituality and social activity is hard to find, but by being together we found a sense of unity. Every Young Friend helped facilitate our planning by offering to clerk or helping to plan, making our lack of a clerk seem less lacking.

From a trip to the swimming hole, to going out for pizza, to sleeping in our self-decorated lounge, we began to become a family again. In addition, we spent time with JYM on the camping trip, with greater PYM in interest groups and worship sharing, and helping with the Children's Program.

This year's experience helped us to clarify our concern for the future of Young Friends. We seek guidance in re-establishing our role at PYM. We ask for love and understanding from the greater Quaker community as we struggle to find unity and direction within ourselves.—Moving forward with hope, Young Friends, Pacific Yearly Meeting, 1997 □

"AFFLUENZA," A FUNNY, BITING SATIRE OF AMERICAN CONSUMERISM NARRATED BY THE QUAKER NPR JOURNALIST SCOTT SIMON. If you want to find out more about it, go to www.pbs.org and check out their website. You can also call1 1-800-543-FROG. The show was made in Oregon and is already a hit among Quakers. Peace & Social Concerns Committee of University Friends Meeting, Seattle, taped this program for later viewing and discussion. It features several people with whom UFM members have interacted positively. P&SC now includes a "Simplicity" subgroup which will be making good use of this program.

Memorial Minutes

Trudie Hunt

Trudie Hunt died in Santa Rosa on August 8, 1997, after a long life in the service of the disadvantaged. She was born Gertrude Cousens in Portland, Maine, on December 13, 1916. She was graduated from Wellesley College in Art History and from Columbia University in Library Science. Her first professional work included both fields as she served as Art Reference Libarian at the New York Public Library.

Trudie met Tom Hunt while a student at Columbia. Their marriage in 1939 began a partnership that lasted until Tom's death in 1996. They worked for the American Friends Service Committee in Seattle and in Wichita, Kansas, and served with the Quaker Child Feeding Program in Ludwigshafen, Germany, 1946-47. There followed a number of years spent focused on Sierra Club work and AFSC activities in Southern California. They became members of the Mexico City Friends Meeting and esablished a worship group in Guatemala in the early 1970's. It was while she was a librarian at the Universidad Del Valle in Guatemala that they began the work for which both Tom and Trudie are remembered among Friends around the world.

The Guatemala Friends Student Scholarship/Loan Program, begun in the early 1970's, was the work which absorbed much of their energies and talents for the past 25 years. This was designed to provide scholarships and loans to serve the needs of native peoples in training in technical and professional fields in their own country. The program, which started with one student, has provided opportunities for higher education for over 400 Highland Mayans since the beginning. There are currently over 100 students in the program. The work is being carried on by members of the Guatemala Friends Meeting and a committee of Redwood Forest Friends Meeting.

Shortly after Tom's death, Trudie moved north to Friends House in Santa Rosa, California, and transferred her membership to Redwood Forest Meeting, which has been receiving funds for the support of the scholarship program for a number of years.

She is survived by her son Peter and two granddaughters. □

Our Brothers and Sisters From Mexico

The following individuals died in January, 1997, trying to cross the border near San Diego: Juan José Pérez González, age 22, died Jan. 7; Osevelia Tepec Jiménez, age 20, died Jan 13; unidentified woman, age 20-25, died Jan. 14; Catalina Enríquez Nester, age 17, died Jan. 15; Gustavo Muñoz Cazares, age 40, died Jan. 15; Emigdio Vera Pérez, age 38, died Jan. 16; Juan Magana Hernández, died Jan. 17; Rosario Tórrez Pérez, died Jan. 17.; unidentified man, died Jan. 22; unidentified man, age 25-35, died Jan. 7; Raul Galarza, age 17, died Jan. 13; Trinidad Santiago Martínez, age 21, died Jan. 14; Gerardo Gaspar Chompa, age 20, died Jan 15; Alejandro Ramos Zavala, age 19, died Jan 16; unidentified man, died Jan. 16.; Alejandro Mendoza Pacheco, age 17, died Jan. 17; Osvaldo Serrano Reyes, age 21, died Jan. 19. Because of Operation Gatekeeper, many migrants now make the crossing in more dangerous areas. Over three hundred Mexicans die at the border each year. Please hold them and their families in the Light. □

Pauline Ellyn Doughty

Pauline Ellyn Doughty was born May 12, 1922 in Fresno, California. Her maiden name was Kalakian. In her early life, she trained as a nurse. She married Leo Doughty and together they had three children, two sons and a daughter. Their daughter also became a nurse. During Leo's long confinement with emphysema and following his death, Ellyn became progressively estranged from her children, especially her daughter. The estrangement was later enforced by court order and was a source of great pain to Ellyn.

Ellyn joined the Palo Alto Monthly Meeting on November 24, 1972 and remained a member of this Meeting until her death. She participated in the Meeting for a time after becoming a member. She later fondly recalled enjoying the fellowship of other women in the meeting during those years. Ellyn made contact with the Meeting again during the period of financial and emotional crisis following Leo's death. The Meeting was able to assist her in reorganizing finances, in establishing limited contact with her sons, and in providing emotional support. She chose not to attend Meeting for Worship at that time.

In the late 1980's Ellyn married Marien Lee Stimson and moved away from Palo Alto. The following years were very difficult for her. During this time her daughter, who had been very depressed, committed suicide. Her second marriage ended in divorce in 1994 and in June of that year she was committed to the Oregon State Hospital. She died there in September, 1996. Ellyn is survived by two sons, one living in Eugene, Oregon, and the other in Minnesota.

A life such as Ellyn's reminds us that life is sometimes bitter, painful and unfair. For some people death is a release from hardships and injustice. For Ellyn, she now has peace and the eternal understanding that can only come from unity with God. □

Ethel Miller

Ethel Miller (September 28, 1900—December 26, 1996) was born and raised on Bainbridge Island. She studied Education and Librarianship at Bellingham Normal and the University of Washington. She taught at Whidby Island and Queen Anne High Schools.

Ethel joined University Friends Meeting in December, 1940, the month it became a full Monthly Meeting after being a Preparative Meeting under the care of Friends Memorial Church. She served the Meeting in many ways—as clerk, recording clerk, elder, member of nominating committee and of Friends Center Board, and in many intangible ways. Her quiet, gentle presence added much to the Meeting.

After her retirement, she accepted a call from the AFSC to set up a library at the Friends Center in Dacca, then India, but now Pakistan. This was the high point of her life. She loved to travel, and especially enjoyed England and Japan.

She returned to the family home on Bainbridge Island, and cared for her sister during her failing years. She lived for a while in Queen Anne Manor, a retirement home on Queen Ann hill, and at the time of death was in Messanger House, a nursing home on Bainbridge Island.

She is survived by three nieces and two nephews. □

Advertisements

QUAKER HERITAGE SHOWCASE New mug and note card designs, T-shirts, tote bag, tiles, prints, Quaker dolls, clothes, ornaments, wooden yoke, welcome sign, and more. FREE BROCHURE. Quaker Heritage Showcase, 10711 N Kittatinny, Tucson, AZ 85737

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Quaker Writers/Artists—is your work among *The Best of Friends?* This anthology, sponsored by the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts, will be published in Spring 1998. Categories: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, cartoons, line drawings; awards in each category. Deadline: January 1, 1998. To enter, FIRST read the complete Guidelines. Send a SASE to Kimo Press, P.O. Box 82, Bellefonte PA 16823. E-mail: fqa@quaker.org

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Calendar

OCTOBER

25-27. "Quaker Faith and Practice." Jan Hoffman. How do our books of *Faith and Practice* speak to our corporate truth? Ben Lomond, CA.

NOVEMBER

6-9 "Sacred Energy: Spiritual Traditions and Quantum Evolution." Call Kundalini Research Network, T. Madona Center, Watsonville, CA. Contact: Jean Roberts (408) 257-6241

22 AFSC Crafts Fair, 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. at 980 Fair Oaks, Pasadena. For more info. contact Claire Gorfinkel (818) 791-8715.

Vital Statistics

NEW MEMBERS/TRANSFERS

- Dina Traeger, Eugene Meeting
- Sterling Edwards, Albuquerque
- Carolyna Marks, Strawberry Creek
- Kathy Barry, Strawberry Creek Meeting
- Joan and George Peters, tranfer from Mt. View to Boulder Meeting
- Byron Fanning, Tempe Meeting
- Kiera O'Hara, Multnomah Meeting

MARRIAGES/UNIONS

- Charles Gray and Sylvia Hart, July 26, Eugene Meeting
- Karen Lundblad and Lucy Melver, August 23, Eugene Meeting
- Lynne Bird and Peter D'Angelo, Sept. 13, Strawberry Creek Meeting
- Becky Yarnall and Kristy Hackworth, August 23, Corvallis Meeting
- Kathy Miller and Bill Fogarty, Aug. 8, Corvallis Meeting
- Pamela Flaherty and David Haussler, Aug. 17, Sandpoint Meeting
- Marilyn Fahrner and Ned Van Valkenburg, Aug. 16, Santa Cruz

BIRTHS

- Cooper Morgan Gore, June 27, to Tom and Susan Gore, Redwood Forest Meeting

DEATHS

- Diana Forsythe, d. Aug. 14, Palo Alto
- Oliver Saxon Heckman, d. May 3, Phoenix Meeting
- Dan Stanislawski, d. July 12, Berkeley
- Nancy Springer, Berkeley Meeting

Corrections/clarifications: The article entitled "Friends of Jesus Disciplined..." was taken from the FOJ newsletter and represents their viewpoint, not necessarily that of *FB* (see Sept., 1997, p. 207).

The photo on the cover of the Sept. issue was inadvertently printed backwards, as Rachel Kopel noted. (Her clue? All the musicians are lefthanded!)

Typos: "Atascadero meetings in a home, with a discussion time...." "The Los Osos Group.... holds a dialogue based on a reading or question someone has brought." (July, 1997, p. 210).

QUAKER TEACHER (HIGH SCHOOL AND ELEMENTARY SUBJECTS) SEEKS FRIENDS SCHOOL IN WHICH TO SERVE. Prefers rural setting. Let's correspond. Dave Slocum, Box 262, Makawao, HI, 96768. 1-808-572-1987.

Dear Friends Everywhere....

Pacific Yearly Meeting
of the Religious Society of Friends
in sessions Eighth Month 4-9, 1997,
at Craig Hall Conference Center,
Chico, California

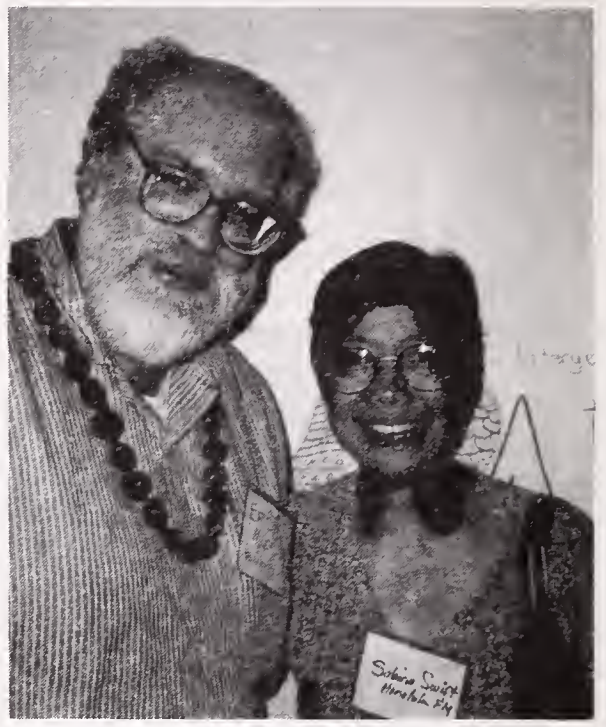
Friends from member meetings in California, Nevada, Hawaii, Mexico, and Guatemala gathered once again in Chico, California in the Sacramento Valley heat. Since Hawaii is not part of a Quarterly Meeting, Pacific Yearly Meeting Friends had the unusual pleasure of welcoming Big Island Preparative Meeting as a new Monthly Meeting.

When we came together, we were reminded that wherever we gather is holy ground. As we meet for worship, we are making space to encounter God. We continue to explore new arrangements to assure ourselves this space. This year we set aside an hour of worship as our first activity each day. This seemed to provide a focus that carried into our other activities, including the plenary sessions for business that followed. We were reminded in ministry that it is through the quiet movements of our hearts and the passion of our acts that we accomplish God's work. In Worship Sharing groups we considered fruits of the spirit and our testimonies on peace, simplicity, equality, and community.

Having less physical meeting space this year somehow included new openings. The proximity of conversations, plenary sessions, and impromptu committee meetings separated only by glass walls presented us with unexpected reminders of our fundamental unity.

Members of our Junior Yearly Meeting came to one plenary session with a concern regarding use of alcohol by a few of their group. They let us know that action had been taken, that they were moving towards healing and asked us to hold them in the light. The spontaneous worship that followed was exceptionally powerful and moving.

We established a new committee on Latin American concerns, rejoicing to include activities related to our member meetings in Mexico and Guatemala more fully in our Yearly Meeting life. Another period of deep silence followed a report given by a young Friend on her experience of Quaker service in El Salvador.



("Epistles," continued on page 228)

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